

Those of a Lower Clay \$2.00

"THIS YEAR'S BEST SHOCK-NOVEL"

JAMES
JOYCE

ULYSSES

When I came out I looked more like ~~Boo~~ — such, at least was to be the force of the Joyce imprint in the soft clay of our generation.

I had only to snuff up hard enough to that fresh uncut volume and I was in, first the penis (a slightly tighter excretory pressure on the testicle in orgasm), then the rest of my body.

It was a horrible book and the first time my 'magic wand,' my 'open sesame' had let me down.

Raymond Pettibon

FIRST
EDITION

45/60

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PETTIBON. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. ... PROTECTING THIS LONELY,
PRIVATE ACT. "HERE, LET ME DO THAT FOR YOU." "NO. BUT YOU
CAN WATCH." STP PUBS, PAPERBACK EDITION PUBLISHED BY ARRAN-
GEMENT WITH SUPERFLUX PUBS, 1240 21ST HERMOSA BEACH, CA 90254.
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FORBIDDEN AS AN ACT OF PIRACY AND PLAGIARISM. ALSO, ANY CLAY-
MATION 'VISITS' WILL BE TREATED AS TRESPASSES. THE COVERS ARE TO
KEEP YOU OUT -- FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION. YOU ARE WELCOME TO LOOK
AT THE PICTURES, HOWEVER.

*I WAS GOING TO BE
THE FIRST GIDGET.*



adieu tristesse

Bonjour

Tu es

Tu es

Tu n'es

Quel

Par là

Bonjour

Amour

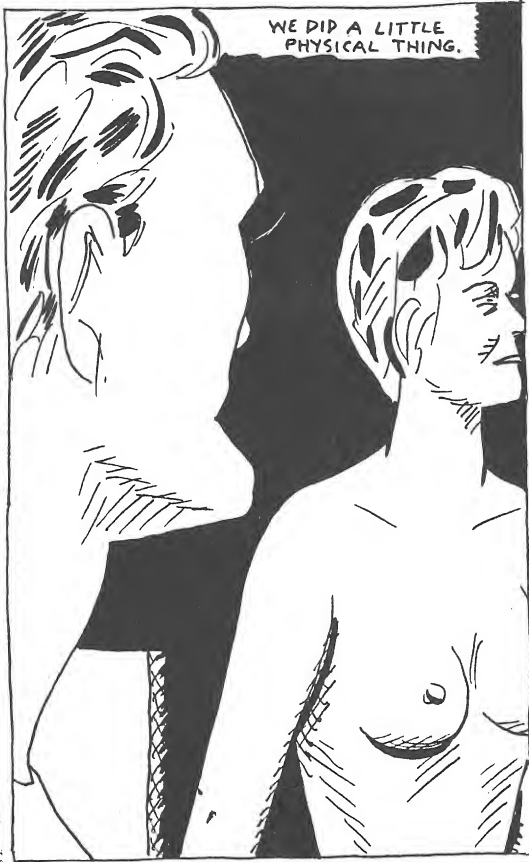
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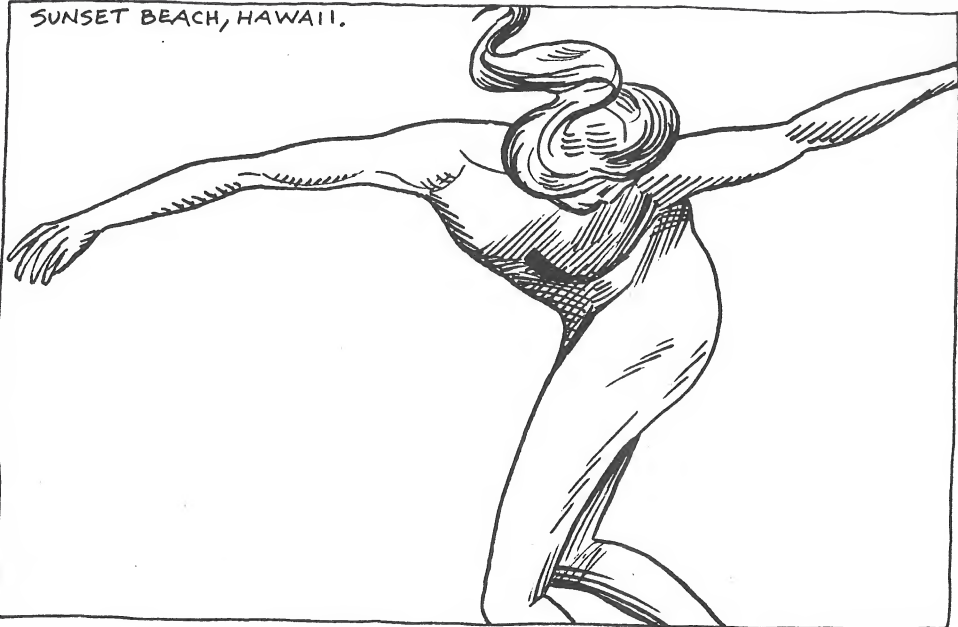
Tête :

Tristesse pour l'absence



WE DID A LITTLE
PHYSICAL THING.

SUNSET BEACH, HAWAII.



CAN A
MOUTH,
DANGER—

MOUTH, A LITTLE
BE THAT
OUS?

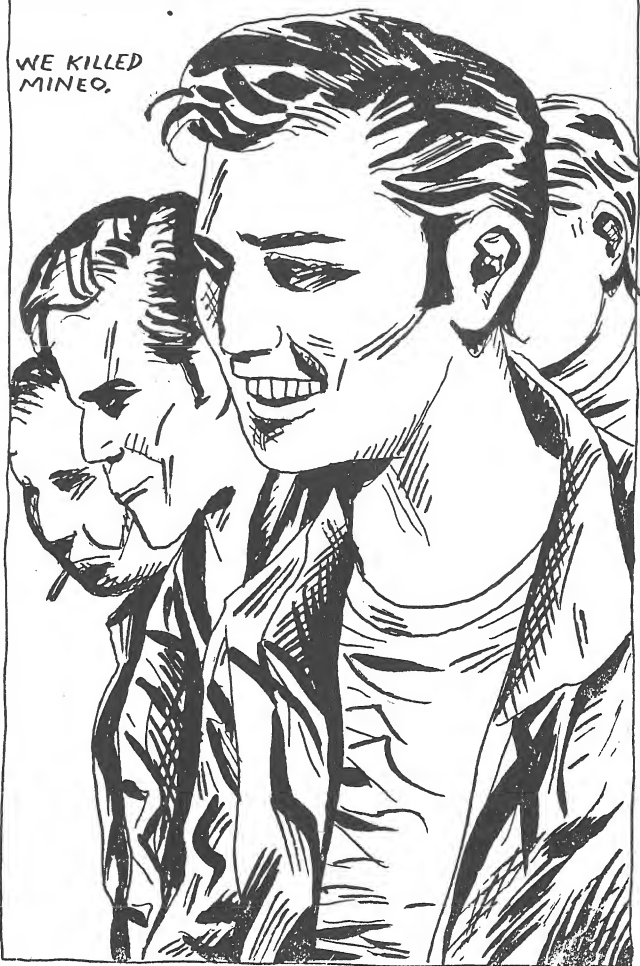


WHEN IT IS THE
MOUTH OF A RIVER—
THE EAST RIVER.

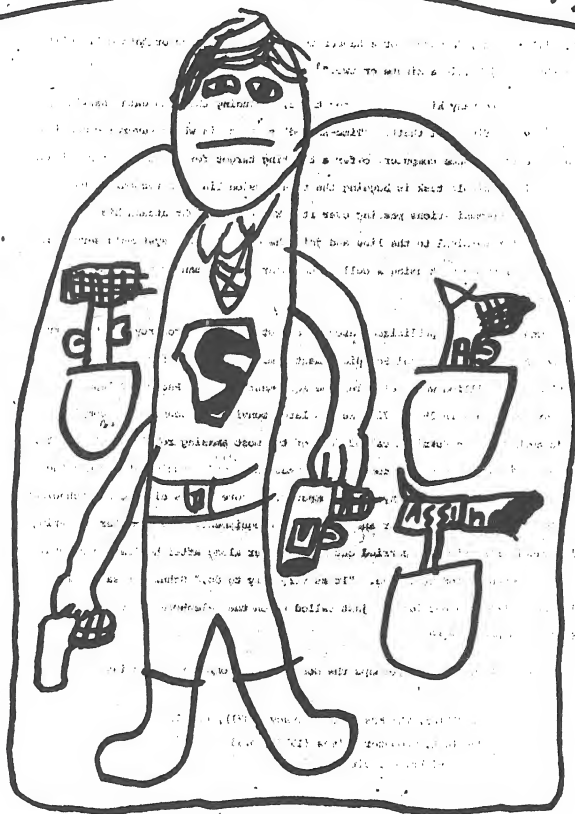


CAGNEY, BOGIE, BRANDO, AND DEAN.

WE KILLED
MINEO.



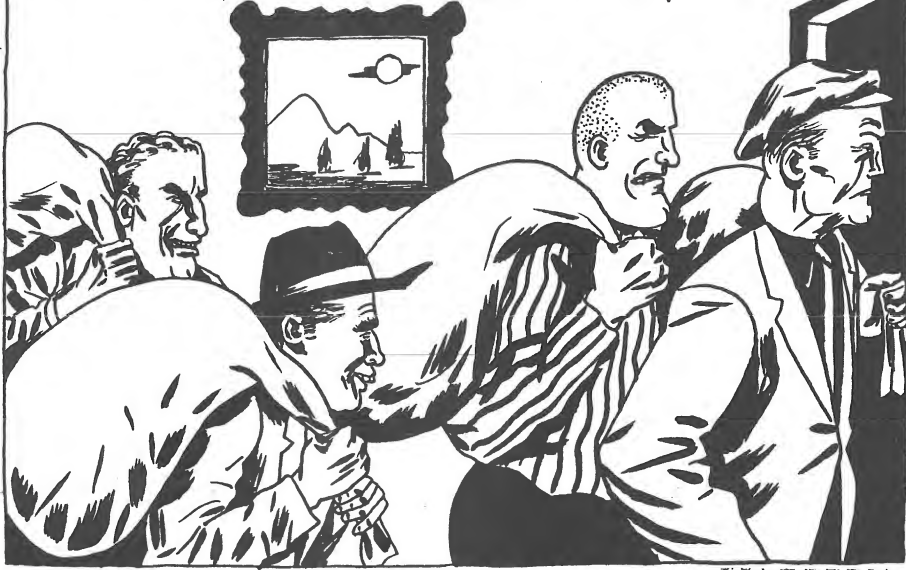
CAN M.R.T. STOP BULLETS?



BY NELSON TARPENNY

1950. talk like one. Who are you writing this for.

EVERYTHING BUT THE ART. GOODY. THEY MISSED THE SAFE,
WILL I NEVER CEASE TO OUTWIT THE CRITICS?



everyone going after the most obvious person in the

the guy most together politically. When I turned

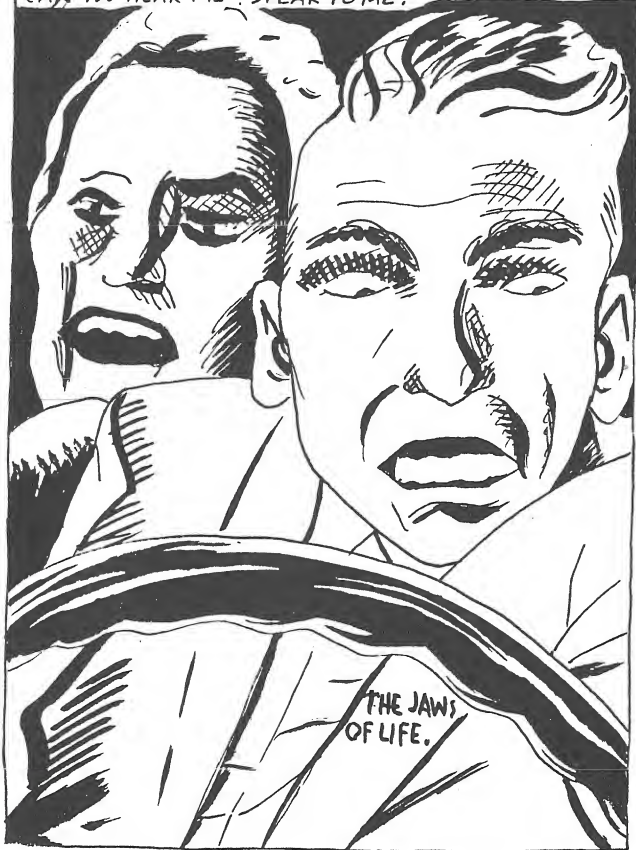
THE PERFECT CRIME -- NO ONE WAS HURT.

I AM AN ARTIST OF THE CIRCUMSCRIBED — BUT
IF IT TOOK A FEW BODIES, I WOULD NOT
HESITATE.


I THROW MY POLITIC
IN WITH THE
REVOLUTION.



WHY DOES VELDA HAVE TO DIE AND NOT YOU? WHY WERE YOU TOSSED OUT OF THE WRECK LIKE SOME SACK OF POTATOES, WHEN YOU DESERVED TO DIE WITH VELDA AND BE'BE? DID YOU SEE THEM GO UP IN SMOKE WITH YOUR PONTIAC? DID YOU WANT TO LIVE, AND THAT SAVED YOU? CAN YOU HEAR ME? SPEAK TO ME.




THE JAWS
OF LIFE.



RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SNOWDRIFT!

I AM READY TO GIVE UP
HOPE BUT ARE YOU?

"WHICH PROVES NOTHING.
FRECKLES COULD STILL BE ALIVE."



ON THE STEPS OF
LINCOLN HIGH.

FIRST I SHOT
MY GIRLFRIEND.

AT THE
LAST MINUTE
SHE WANTED TO GO
THAT WAY - A FAILURE OF
NERVE AND ROMANCE.

THEY WILL
REMEMBER US
BECAUSE THEY WILL
NEVER FORGET OUR LOVE
STORY.

NEVER FORGET ME!

INTERVIEW WITH LUCY.
Oh, miss. Miss? Can I have a few words with

I LOVE MAKING THEM NEED MY G.I. DOLLAR,
SEX WAS NEVER SO GOOD AND PLENTIFUL AS WHEN
WE WERE IN AN ATTITUDE OF HUM-
ANE RECONSTRUCTION.

DON'T YOU FEEL THE
POST-WAR GLOW?

DO YOU
SEE— MY
BIGHEART?



out of me that they were for Rat, and my
daddy-dad came all the way from Kansas to get me.
But they couldn't hold you.

MH 14

(CONTINUED)

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MAKE THE MEN
STRONGER

A GUN NEVER STOPPED
ME YET. AND A
PUNY .22 . . .

MY GIRLFRIEND'S GUN
FEELS LIKE A TOY.

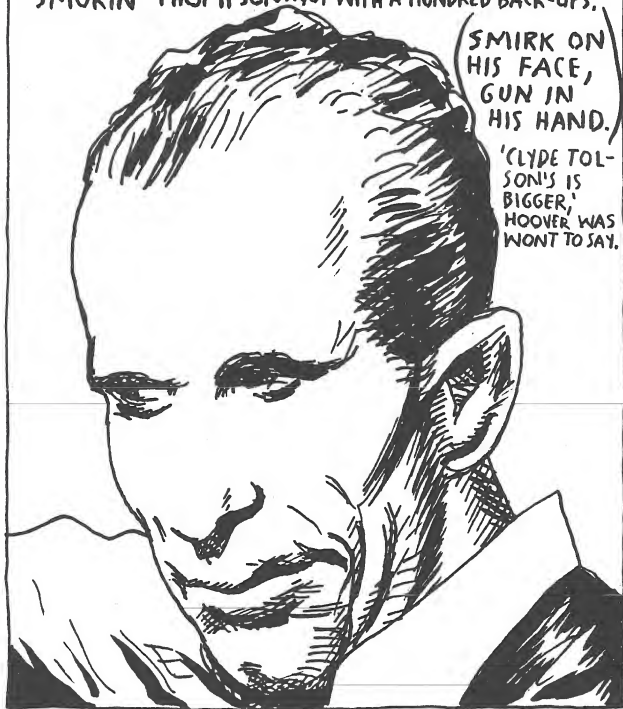


50 BULLETS COULDN'T TAKE THE SMILE OFF
JOHN DILLINGER'S FACE.
(THEY HAD THE CORONER DO THAT.) MAKE HIM PUG-UGLY.

MR. HOOVER, YOU CAN'T EVEN KNOCK THE
CIGARETTE FROM HIS LIPS. NOT WITH A
SMOKIN' THOMPSON. NOT WITH A HUNDRED BACK-UPS.

(SMIRK ON
HIS FACE,
GUN IN
HIS HAND.)

'CLYDE TOL-
SON'S IS
BIGGER,'
HOOVER WAS
WONT TO SAY.



old car
the car was
R 14

MS. ZABOLOTSKY, I'M YOUR REAL LONG-LOST SON-
FROM CALIFORNIA. (AIR SO CLEAN AS THIS!)

WATCH IT:
CALIFORNIA
IS THICKER
THAN BLOOD.



I GREW UP IN ORANGE
COUNTY WHEN THE ONLY
GHOSTS WERE SUICIDES.

YOU GROW UP FAST :
EVERY INCH YOU CO-
MORE GROUND THAN A
BOOSE ON A JOY RIDE,
ALWAYS WITH YOUR
WIDE OPEN.

YOU GREW UP LIKE
CITIES YOU STAYED
YOU WERE RAISED BY
FORCE IN THE AIR
ALSO SEIZED SO
OTHERS AND MADE
ALSO LIKE YOU.YOUR
FATHERS WERE CITY
NERS.

"FATHER?"
WOULD HAVE
YOUR HEART.

I LEARNED MORE
MY FATHER AT THE
HUNTINGTON PIER THAN
WHERE ELSE.

FOR
VER
CA-
AND
EYES

THE
IN :
SOME
THAT
MANY
THEM

PLAN-

IT
BROKE

ABOUT
ANY-



YOU'RE GETTING OLD, BUSTER.
NOT NOW, BUT IN 30 YEARS,...

AND, MY GOD,
MY WIFE!



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SO FAR SO GOOD

